

2Pac Lyrics

"Strugglin"
(feat. Live Squad)

Eat a dick up

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Stretch of Live Squad:]

Struggling, juggling, got it to the black man
Eating the scams like I was motherfucking Pac Man
Cops step off, you know the flavor
They fear the ruffneck niggas with the lunatic behavior
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet
Stabbing for a fee, it gets hard on the fucking streets
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy
I rhyme and do crimes, cause either way pays me
A little rough with a hardcore... theme
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse
Representing YG'z yo
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags
Sticking up spots and jumping in Jags
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumbling
And always keep a hand on the gat
Cause a niggas straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Majestic of Live Squad:]

I'm used to being poor, but now I'm sick of struggling
I thought about bumping, but mother-fuck juggling
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it
Look as I cut the records hard to eject
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit
I got energy to blast now you want the task here
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up
But rugged and rough is how I'm stepping
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it going on
If you come up stepping you'll be lit like a hick
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get
A street thug in the motherfucking house, I'm struggling
Get drunk but I don't think
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be laying in a ditch
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame

Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game
I'm strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[2Pac:]

Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang
Ain't nothing changed set it off I let the brains hang
 Guess who's back, to put niggas on they back
Till I call back, niggas running free better fall back
 I'm fifty niggas deep beat sleep
 with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz
 Struggling and striving, that's how the dough come
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal
 Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo
 Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind
 Clicking on the nine, out to get mine
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom
 Blowing motherfuckers to the moon
Niggas need to feel me a real G, home from the bumbling
 See me on the block, struggling
And rolling with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed
 I get in niggas ass, blast
 Straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Randy Walker, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames